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by Rudolph F. Bunner, is very satisfactory. William Sartain, we are sorry to see, is here, as in the Academy, going wild after tone and texture. "Still Life," by Charles S. Moss, is commendable. Elizabeth Boott has a "Study of a Pig," not for sale, which if the artist were not a lady we should say was pure selfishness. There is a quiet bit of greenery, with blue gray water and sky, by R. L. Pyne; a "Study of a Woman Spinning," by Thomas Eakins, characterized by his usual vigorous and correct handling, and a study of a rower in his boat, also by Mr. Eakins, more complete and marked by the same attributes. "Chioggia," by Otto Bacher, "A Nantucket Pump," by Theo. Robinson, and "The Old Mill Road," by Edgar J. Taylor, are worthy of mention. Hamilton Hamilton has a "Sketch" of a girl in blue and white leaning against the blossoming branch of an apple tree, which is very pretty. "Psyche," by Walter Satterlee, is very poor, poorer than even the same "Psyche" in the Academy. "Fishing under Difficulties," by G. Stothert Snell, is a very good sketch, and so is, in certain respects, John M. Tracy's "Study of a Pointer." The latter is so good it seems a pity that Mr. Tracy cannot put a little life and intelligence into his well-drawn animals. "Art Students at Work," by Joseph Lauber, shows remarkable progress. The young men standing before their easels are very well given as to light and shade and drawing, and the rendering of tones is very good. "Afternoon in the Catskills," by Henry P. Smith, has a good effect of light over a hilly and wooded country. "A Paris Friend," by William H. Low, is very good. "Fishing Boats, Long Island Sound," by Arthur Quartley, is much better than his Academy picture. There is motion here to water, clouds, and sails, and the composition, although unsought for or perhaps rather on that account, is excellent. "An Indian Whittling Hammer Handles," by George H. Story, and a little "Darky," by Percy Moran, are good studies of their types. A "Sketch at St. Ande," by Frank E. Scott, is excellent. The red roofs are out of key in "The Grand Canal at Dordrecht," by Charles A. Platt. An "Adobe House," with sunflowers in the foreground, is a good sketch by Rosina Emmet. "Covering a Carboy," by France Troop, is a good study spoiled by the affectation of a basket-work frame. A number of respectable water-color drawings complete this interesting exhibition.

#### THE EXPOSITION NATIONALE AT PARIS.

##### SECOND NOTICE.

M. HEILBUTH, a Parisian in talent and habits although a Prussian by origin, reappears at this exhibition after a long absence from the annual Salons, due to political events, with two pictures—"Au Jardin" and "Une Fête." The latter represents a garden party in a lovely park, gay with flowers and feminine costume, a picture that has all the elegance of the painters of the fête galantes of the eighteenth century together with a verity in the landscape that those exquisite artists did not possess. Gabriel Ferrier and Guillaumet have sent some new Algerine scenes painted in full African sunlight and containing a very vigorous note. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, who gave such promise in his two pictures of the "Wedding Party at the Photographer's" and "The Wounded Child," exhibits a new picture, "Vaccination," a row of mothers and babies sitting in a sunny room while the village doctor is vaccinating a rosy little infant in the background. This picture is full of talent but insipid, even feeble in color, and certainly far inferior to the pictures this artist painted two years ago. Henry Harpignies exhibits seven landscapes, nearly all new. M. Harpignies, though often a little dry and hard in his technique, is yet a rare observer who sees a bit of nature purely and simply and reproduces it often with delicate grace and sentiment. Both in his oil paintings and his innumerable water-colors M. Harpignies generally remains within the limits of a "study," but his studies are of rare vigor and felicity of expression.

I notice specially the very remarkable exhibition of Léon Lhermitte whose large pictures, "The Harvest," "The Harvesters' Pay," and "The Spinning Woman," appear to great advantage and show a powerful and sincere sentiment without any of the trickery and false naturalism of Bastien-Lepage. M.

Lhermitte exhibits ten charcoal drawings, some of which are very fine works. His drawings have long been appreciated and sought for by long-sighted amateurs. One of these days we shall doubtless see M. Lhermitte in the place he deserves in public favor.

We now come to the room where Jupiter Meissonier reigns supreme with six pictures, two of minute proportions and four of more reasonable size. The portrait of Victor Lefranc (10 x 8 inches) is a masterpiece of minute painting comparable with even the famous "Hermit" of Gerard Douw. The portrait of Mrs. Mackay (16 x 11 inches) represents that lady in a black dress covered with gimp and bead embroidery; a black Spanish bolero hat; a brown fur-trimmed cloak thrown over one shoulder; dress décolleté square; left shoulder and arm visible; with her right hand, on which two big green emeralds attract undue attention, the model is drawing a yellow glove upon her left hand; background reddish brown. This portrait with all its minute touches is singularly wanting in distinction and grace, qualities which may perhaps be wanting in the model. "Le Guide" (armée de Rhin et Moselle 1797) represents a peasant guiding a troop of grenadiers through a birch wood. The troop is descending a slope; the leading horses are coming full face toward the spectator; the whole picture is a marvel of foreshortening and a marvel of drawing, but that is all. In "Le Chant" a stout lady in green is singing, while a gentleman in a voluminous red dressing gown is playing an organ in a room hung with red curtains and with a red carpet on the floor. M. Alma-Tadema has treated the same subject in a manner, in my opinion, superior to Meissonier. The most striking picture that Meissonier exhibits is an upright panel (4½ x 3 feet) representing the ruins of the Tuileries in 1871, a perspective view of the Salle du Maréchal consumed by the fire and through the empty window at the end the blue sky and the triumphal chariot on the top of the Arc de Triomphe of the Place du Carrousel. This picture has nothing in common with Meissonier's ordinary manner. In presence of the immense fame of Meissonier and of his aversion to exhibitions during late years the six pictures at the Exposition Nationale are naturally a subject of considerable interest to the public and the critics. The general impression seems to be that Meissonier does not come out of the trial with increased glory. In spite of his marvellous talent as a precise draughtsman, Meissonier remains as a painter very debatable, the more so whenever he abandons canvases of microscopical dimensions. Certainly the recent works of Meissonier no longer show that apparent facility of execution that he formerly had, a fact which was already remarked at the moment of the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

Joseph de Nittis, who has long ceased to exhibit in the promiscuity of the annual Salons, makes a brilliant rentrée with "La Place du Carrousel" recently purchased for the Luxembourg Museum; two delicious studies of open air and sunlight, "Le Vieux Jardin" and "La Charmille," and "Un Thé." This last picture is a marvel of science and color. In a rich Parisian salon, groups of ladies and gentlemen are chatting; in the background through an unsilvered glass is seen a second salon; in the foreground a lady seen from behind is sitting at a table laden with flowers and lighted by a lamp. The picture is the quintessence of Parisian elegance, ravishing in color, and all the complications and qualities of artificial light are rendered with that supreme art that conceals its means. "Un Thé" is the work of a master.

Two other artists whose names have grown unfamiliar to visitors to the Salon are Willems and James Tissot. M. Willems exhibits a picture of some gentlemen drinking the health of Henri IV. and clad in the silks and velvets and luxury of the civilization of centuries ago. M. Tissot exhibits four episodes from his transposition into modern English life of the parable of the prodigal son, pictures which if not pleasing are certainly the work of a remarkable and very personal artist. M. Vibert, whose talent as a wit and a vaudevillist often interferes with his talent as a painter, exhibits, besides his apotheosis of M. Thiers—a work which has had no success even in chromo-lithography—one new picture representing a missionary recounting this exploits to a company of cardinals. M. Vibert has really "trop d'esprit" to be a painter. In this rapid review of the new pictures exhibited I have necessarily sacrificed many honor-

able names whose works, shown at recent Salons, are to be seen again with satisfaction and pleasure at the Exposition Nationale. Henner, for instance, with his "Religieuse en Prière" (Salon of 1883), his "Bara" (Salon of 1882), "Andromède" and three portraits would come very near carrying off the medal of honor, if there were any medals. His exhibition is perhaps the finest in the Palais de l'Industrie. For Henner the subject counts for nothing but a pretext for painting and painting as only some of the old Italian masters have painted. The "Andromède," which we see here for the first time, is pronounced to be Henner's masterpiece. It is a page of divine beauty that will have its place some day in the Louvre. The veteran Cabanel too, who with Gérôme has formed more young French and foreign artists than any of his contemporaries, makes a fine show with his "Phèdre," with some too smoothly painted religious subjects and three delicious portraits of Mrs. Hungerford, Miss Mackay and the Comtesse Clermont-Tonnerre. Bonnat, Baudry, Puvis de Chavannes, Bouguereau, Gervex, Bertin, Courtois, Henry Lévy, Chaplin, Jules Lefebvre, Olivier Merson, Jean Paul Laurens, young men and veterans, landscapists, figure painters, genre painters, portrait painters, maintain brilliantly the supremacy of France in art. The two young glories, whom recent speculation has tried to advance prematurely, Bastien Lepage and Cazin, do not quite hold their own. Beside the work of Jules Dupré and Henner and even of Hebert and Cabanel, M. Cazin's heavy drawing, hesitating poses, landscape without perspective, intentionally ashen color and pretentious symbolism make but a poor show. M. Bastien-Lepage exhibits some portraits in which he appropriates the processes now of Holbein and now of Van der Werf and Mieris, and three landscapes—"Haymaking," "Potato-gathering," and "A Wheat Field"—works that are the subject still of much discussion. Some critics say that it is impossible to follow nature more closely. Others accuse the artist of painting pictures without air; they say that his candor and naïveté are affected, that his peasants have not the magnificent verity of Millet's peasants, that he feels no emotion in presence of his models and communicates none, that his naturalism is false and even "maquillé," that his tattered and ragged peasants' garments come out of the costume store of the Opéra-Comique, in short, that M. Bastien-Lepage is a humbug and a charlatan of prodigious technical skill.

I only find five Americans among the exhibitors at this National Exposition; they are D. R. Knight, F. M. Boggs, F. A. Bridgman, W. L. Dannat and Henry Mosler. D. R. Knight exhibits "Un Deuil" (Salon of 1882), a first-rate picture that holds its own brilliantly among all the works of similar style in the Salon. Mr. Boggs exhibits "La Place de la Bastille" (Salon of 1882), which now belongs to the State. This large picture (8 x 4½ feet) has gained in my estimation since I last saw it; the grays of the sky and buildings have toned down and the effect is at present finely harmonious. Mr. Bridgman exhibits only a small portrait of a baby, pretty in color, but a very unimportant work; Mr. Dannat re-exhibits his "Aragonese Smuggler" which was bought by the State at the Salon last May. Mr. Mosler continues his career of a decadent specialist with some vulgarly colored Breton interior scenes. Mr. Robert Hoskin exhibits in the engraving section thirteen wood-cuts for Harper's Magazine, excellent in their way. The fewness of the American exhibitors is to be attributed, I presume, to the fact that most of the works of the men resident in Europe have gone to America, and so it would be difficult to get them back again over here.

About the sculpture I have little space to say anything. Barrias, Mercié, Saint-Marceaux, Rodin, Frémiet, Falguière are there to maintain the glory of the French school, but on the whole the exhibition of sculpture is far inferior in interest to the exhibition of painting. Not only are new works almost entirely wanting, but the really most remarkable works of the past five years are conspicuous by their absence.

To sum up, my final impression is that the National Exhibition is very interesting, that it proves, once more, if proof were needed, the immense supremacy of France in art; but that if it had been organized less rapidly or with a character more distinctly retrospective it would have better fulfilled the programme which the State proposed to itself in instituting the exhibition.

THEODORE CHILD.